

The Seemingly Harmless Date

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Summary: What if Nathaniel didn't die? What if he survived and really took Bartimaeus's advice and followed his heart? This spells trouble for the world. One shot. [AU] Rated K

The Seemingly Harmless Date

\*\*Hey guys! I wanted to try something new that I've seen other authors do. This is just a one-shot that takes place after Ptolemy's Gate from the Bartimaeus Trilogy. In this story, Nathaniel is alive after the explosion that killed Nouda. Hope you guys enjoy!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own the Bartimaeus Trilogy or its characters.\*\*

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><p><em>Three years after the explosion that everyone thought to have killed the magician John Mandrake.<em>

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><p>Bartimaeus P.O.V.<p>

I was snoozing peacefully when I felt a pull into the nasty pain-causing place the magicians call Earth. Who could've called me at such a time? Kitty? When I saw the grumpy face in front of me, I nearly jumped in horror. Yup, you guessed it, it was Nathaniel.

"YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!" I roared loudly into Nathaniel's ear. (I had taken form of a lion) I had watched him get buried by iron and glass! I swear it!

"By Gladstone's staff, I'm alive. You're supposed to be happy to see that your master is alive," Nathaniel sniffed rather dramatically

while pretending to be hurt. As if.

I glared at him, trying to act ominous. (I changed into Ptolemy) In normal circumstances, I would actually blast a fireball at him. But curse my luck, I had gone and formed a bond with that Natty boy. It had been formed somewhere in the middle of him almost killing me and sharing a body with him. Bonding in a literal sense. But yes, I had been regrettably sad to see him 'die'.

"So what?" I asked him. "You should fix your acting skills," I added while I had the chance.

Nathaniel casted me a withering look in which I glared back. "I need help," he mumbled, looking at his shoes. For a moment there, I saw the terrified boy who pissed his pants when he first summoned me. But that was gone the moment he looked up and continued glaring.

"With?" I gestured wildly with my hands to emphasize my point.

"I like Kitty," he mumbled again.

"So you want me to send her your love?"

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><p><em>A few days later.<em>

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><p>Nathaniel P.O.V.<p>

What. Shall. I. Do. That's the first thing that popped into my head when I rang the doorbell of Madam Kitty's house. The idea wasn't mine, in fact, it was that wretched djinn's idea! How dare that lowly djinn suggest that I ask Kitty out? I mean, Kitty, a commoner of all the people in this world. There are plenty of beautiful magician girls and quite a few of them are in love with me according to the rumours. Whether they want me for my fabulous looks, my wealth, my tremendous power, or my position, I can't tell. And there was that Farrar girl...

"Yes?" A lovely voice pierced through my train of thoughts. I could feel my hands trembling behind my back and the sweat on my brow. I can do this. I'm the famous John Mandrake.

"K-Kitty," I managed to get out. Damn my nerves for making me stutter. The great John Mandrake had never in his life stammered before. Heck, I didn't even stammer when I faced the demon king. Or when I saved the world. And there was that time when...

"If you're just gonna stand there, I'm going to shut the door." The same voice interrupted my thoughts. Again. "Honestly, it's quite chilly out."

I immediately snapped all my attention to her. I looked at her beautiful face lined with worry. How did I not notice how stunning she was? She had smooth, creamy skin, large eyes that sparkle in the sunlight, long lashes that embroidered her eyelids, and shiny hair that look so soft I want to touâ€" No, now is not the time to admire her unspeakable beauty.

"I-I brought a present for you," I started uncertainly while taking out the bouquet of flowers I had behind my back. Kitty's eyes lit up immediately with joy. If she was surprised at all, she didn't show it. "Do you want to 'uh-huh' grab a bite with me at the Balthazar Cousine with me maybe?"

My heart rocketed. Honestly, I'm surprised Kitty didn't hear my heartbeat from where she was. Her eyes widened in shock and her jaw dropped. For a second there, I saw a flash of hope in her eyes. It went as quickly as it came, covered by the gleam of amusement. "Is the great John Mandrake asking me out on a date?" She asked rather coyly.

"Is that a yes?" I asked with a hopeful grin.

"Well..." She began. "I must say I'm uncertain."

"Since when is the thief and master of Ptolemy's Gate uncertain?" I shot back at her playfully.

"You know, I like burgers more than fancy food." Kitty teased again. When will this ever stop? Just say yes already.

"Kathleen take me somewhere we can be alone," I launched into a full on off-tune song. "I'll be the prince and you'll be the princess. It's a love story, baby just say yes."

"Okay okay okay!" She shouted at me, giggling at the same time and making it hard to understand. "I'll go to your stupid date! Just never sing again, okay?"

"You used okay four times," that was my only reply before I smirked victoriously and ran away, holding Kitty's hand and dragging her along in the process. Purposely. Maybe that accursed djinn was right, this will turn out well. Maybe I should listen to Bartimaeus sometimes.

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><p>Bartimaeus P.O.V.</p>

YES! I did my victory dance while smirking at that Natty boy. Little did he know about the wonder of turning into birds. He finally got the guts to ask the girl out! Finally! It's about time he comes to his senses. Wait a minute, where is that boy dragging Kitty off to?

\* \* \*

><p>Kitty P.O.V.</p>

John had pulled me into a grand Italian restaurant. The place had white walls decorated with torches and a high roof with a beautiful chandelier hanging with millions of crystal shards sparkling in the torchlight. John on the other hand, was ignoring this marvelous beauty and talking to the manager angrily. I tried to understand what they were saying but alas, commoners don't take Italian classes. They droned on and on in Italian, causing me to almost fall asleep until I noticed a sudden silence and two gentlemen staring at me awkwardly.

It was enough to make me glare menacingly at them. That made them avoid my gaze while squeezing their mouths shut, and wisely so. The manager looked somewhat reluctant to lead us outside while John simply looked triumphant about winning his argument. Now, I don't mean to sound like an ungrateful scumâ€"I admire the beauty of it allâ€"but isn't this a bit too accesive? Walking on a limestone bridge which hanged across a glistening river surrounded with colourful pebbles and lined with lanterns towards a medium-sized one-story building made me feel like royalty. The building looked like a grand dining room for kings and queens from the richest countries. Inside were a beautiful cerulean carpet edged with gold and the room was sourrounded with peacock green walls with elaborate indigo drapes that matched the blue theme. The table was long, like those tables you see in a King's palace for his lords and ladies. Except, there was only two seats, at each end. The chairs were wooden with sky blue cushions adorned with sapphire gems resting on them.

"After you, milady." John said, pulling a chair out for me. I stifled my laughter and sat down while John scurried to the other side of the table. I stared at the menu in front of me, feeling my face heat up immediatly. I looked across to see John having the same reaction as I did.

Well, at least I'm not the only one. Thankfully, John spoke up and quickly ordered, his face still a deep shade of red. Out of my peripheral vision, I saw the manager hiding a snigger. That scum.

"Buon Appetito," the manager bowed and walked away, still with that insufferable smirk on his face.

"So," John began, and I must say very awkwardly. Very. "What do you think of this cousine?"

"Hmm," I hadn't expected that question. "It's very... grand."

John nodded in agreement and grunted. "After dinner, would you like to go on a stroll by the sea with me?"

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><p><strong>X<strong>

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><p>Kitty P.O.V.<p>

After a wonderful meal paid by Nathaniel, we took a stroll by the sea. I know, it sounded very cliche, but who cares? The sea was dark blue and still as the sun set. The dim glow from the dying sun was quite romantic if I do say so myself.

"Kitty," he started, "There is something I have to tell you."

I tapped my foot impatiently. Get to the point! "What?"

Without saying anything, Nathaniel leaned in and brushed his lips on mine. Without realizing it, I closed my eyes and leaned into the kiss. It was soft, sweet, and gentle, not a trace of lust was in

it.

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><p><strong>AN: Sorry if I've been extremely inactive. And sorry for the super short ending. I really didn't know what to do. For all of my stories, I don't know what to write. Right now, I'm thinking of writing a black lagoon fanfic since I just finished season two. Please read, rate, and review!\*\*

\*\*~Snowflake Writer\*\*

End  
file.